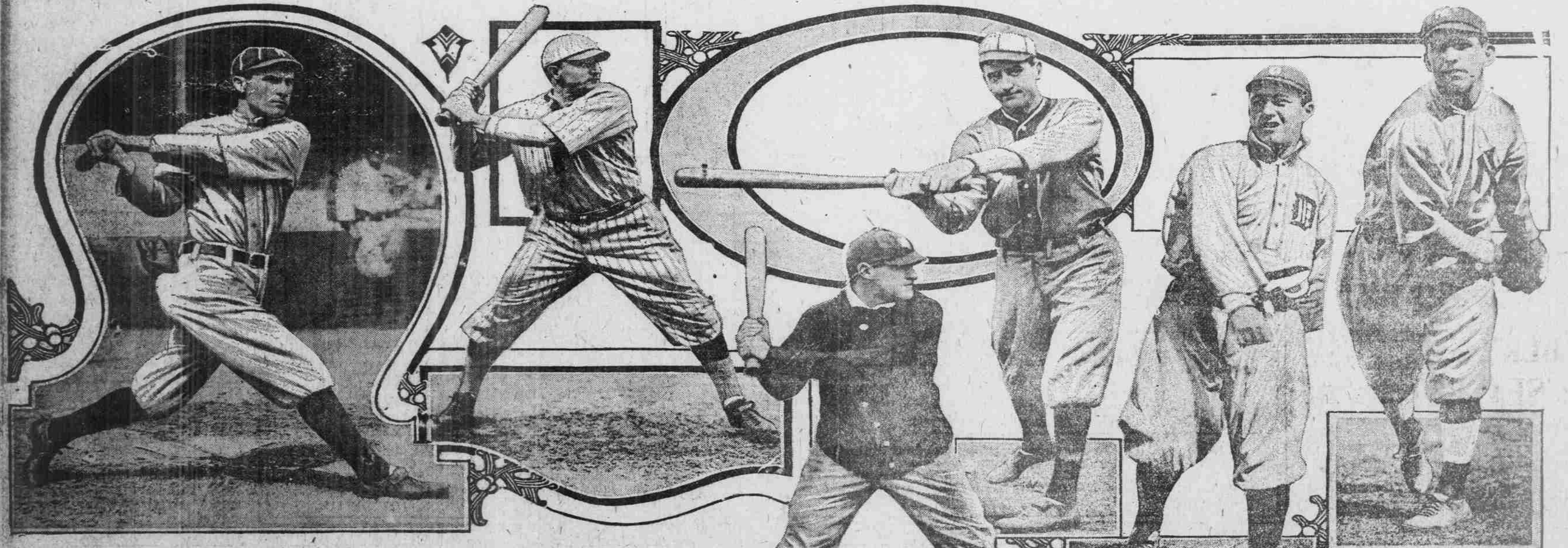


SPORTS AS THE EXPERTS SEE THEM

Classy Shortstops Are Numerous In the Big Leagues This Season



Photos by American Press Association.

Left to right, Bancroft of the Phillies, Wagner of Pittsburgh, Fletcher of Giants, McBride of Washington, Bush of Detroit, Peckinpaugh of the New York Americans.

By TOMMY CLARK.
WHO is the best shortstop in the game today? President John K. Tener of the National League says that the honors belong to Bancroft of the Philadelphia Nationals. But does he? How about Manager Herzog, manager of the Cincinnati Reds? Show us some one who has it on him in any department in connection with the position of shortstop. Herzog last season played a wonderful game. He was all over and covered more ground than any other man in the position in either the American or National leagues. When in the American league, who has anything on O'Neil Bush of the Detroit Tigers? The little fellow does everything a shortstop should do and then some. He is all over.

GEORGE SISLER FANNED TWENTY BATTERS IN TEN INNING GAME

CONSIDERABLE hullabaloo has been made over the feat of Pitcher Davis of the Killeen (Tex.) high school team in striking out twenty-four batters in a game with the Belton high school nine on April 22. Misinformed persons think it is a record for all sorts of competitive pitching, but they're all wrong, boys, all wrong.

George Sisler, the Wolverine wizard, now playing with the St. Louis Browns, who easily could be accused and convicted of being one of the few initiators of Ty Cobb, cooled off enough of his old college pals back in 1911 to make his name live forever at Ann Arbor. George fanned twenty batters in a seven inning game and can't explain to this day how the lone black sheep slipped through his eager clutch.

It is better to let Branch Rickey tell about it: "At Michigan," says Branch, "they have interclass games every spring that are limited to seven batters in all, except the final. No eligibility rules pertain in these games. Any bona fide student of the school is eligible, whether he belongs in the National or American league. And, like all other schools, Michigan has many students who have played professional baseball. These, however, are not eligible for the varsity."

In the game in which Sisler fanned twenty of the twenty-one batters he was opposed by one of the best class teams in the school, the runner up in the baseball tournament that spring. It was the "fresh lts" (freshmen literary class), and they were some team. Only one man reached first, and he scored on three passed balls. There was no catcher in Michigan that spring who could make a howling success of catch-

"The American league hasn't a man in Bancroft's class as a fielder. He appeals to me as one of the greatest shortstops the game has produced. And he hasn't reached the crest yet. Then there are Marvyn Miller of the Braves, Herzog of the Reds, Fletcher of the Giants, Wagner of the Pirates and Olson of the Dodgers."

It is a fact that there are more good shortstops in the American and National leagues right now than has been the case for many seasons. Cleveland seems to have landed a corking good youngster in Wambach. The fellow has performed in great shape since the opening of the season, and, according to Manager Fohl, he should develop into one of the greatest in the country within the next year.

A number of the veterans are also showing up well. Hans Wagner is not all in by any means. The veteran has been putting up a brilliant game since the opening of the campaign. Fletcher of the Giants has been playing a great game too. Dad McBride of the Washingtons seems to have recovered lost youth. There are few if any shortstops in the game who have anything on the grand old vet. If teams were as well

fixed in other positions as they are in shortstop, the managers would have no kick to register.

BASEBALL is threatened by a reign of divine right umpires. The czar of all the Russias does not possess the dictatorial powers assumed by the knights of the wind pad and indicator on major league diamonds of late.

At a dinner given by Colonel Ruppert and Captain Huston, owners of the Yankees, to the newspaper men at the New York Athletic club a little over a year ago the late Paul Armstrong pointed out that the unwarranted arrogance that umpires were assuming was robbing the game of much of its glamour. Bill Klem's action in sending every member of the Giants not playing in the game of the field in Boston recently is a striking example of what Armstrong meant.

Bill Klem is a good umpire. In my respects he is the best man in the business, but Bill has assumed an attitude toward the players that is not warranted nor desirable. It is necessary that the umpire have the power to send men out of the game or to the bench. He should use a little

judgment in the exercise of his authority, however. A ball player should be allowed a little leeway on questioning decisions. So long as he is not abusive he should not be dealt with harshly. A little kicking is good for the game. It shows that the players' hearts are in their work. The fans like it. It has always been a part of baseball. Klem would have men play like dummies. He knows the ball player, has no comeback and at the slightest sign of a kick banishes him.

Possibly widespread commendation of his work has gone to Bill's head. He may think he is making the game better. As a matter of fact, he is making it very dull and uninteresting. He should use a little better judgment.

Klem has crossed the equator twice. Every time a ball player reminds him of that fact he is sent to the club-

Some of the Leading Shortstops

house without any further discussion. Come on, Bill, have a heart!—S. (Skipper).

THERE is vigorous delving into the records and hectic activity among the baseball historians these days. It was asserted during the winter that the Browns and Cubs should win pennants this year because of the strength captured from their late Fed rivals. It is also asserted with equal vehemence that clubs of that sort don't win pennants and develop fatal artistic temperaments and family jars instead. History is called upon for evidence that is strangely convincing when served as stove league dope, and, as usual, both belligerents are supported by precedent. When the Louisville and Pittsburgh clubs were united the Pirates cleaned up in the National league. The pros also point to the pennants won by the amalgamated Brooklyn and Baltimore clubs.

The pros leap upon Charles Comiskey, who has participated in every baseball war of consequence as a player, manager or magnate, and find damning evidence against allied campaigning. Back in 1890 Comiskey put a team in Chicago as a Brotherhood war move and played first base himself. He captured Pfeffer and Williamson from "Pop" Anson's Chicago Nationals and snared Arlie Latham, Tip O'Neil, Silver King and Jack Boyle, all from St. Louis. This team was a world beater on form, but it didn't win any more flags than Comiskey's all star, gold plated crew did last year. While the St. Louis Browns were hard hit by Comiskey's raiding back in 1890, they have been a very fortunate club wherever war has smashed up the calm of the baseball situation. When the Brotherhood failed the Browns got an excellent lot of talent. Out of the American league raid on the Nationals the Browns picked up Bobby Wallace, Emmet Hedrick, Jesse Burkett, Jack Powell and Willie Southworth. Plunk, Davenport, Marsans, Miller, Chapman and Tobin are only a few of those acquired in the consolidation of the St. Louis and the American league club the past winter.

Griffith Sure His Knock at Pennant Door Will Be Heard

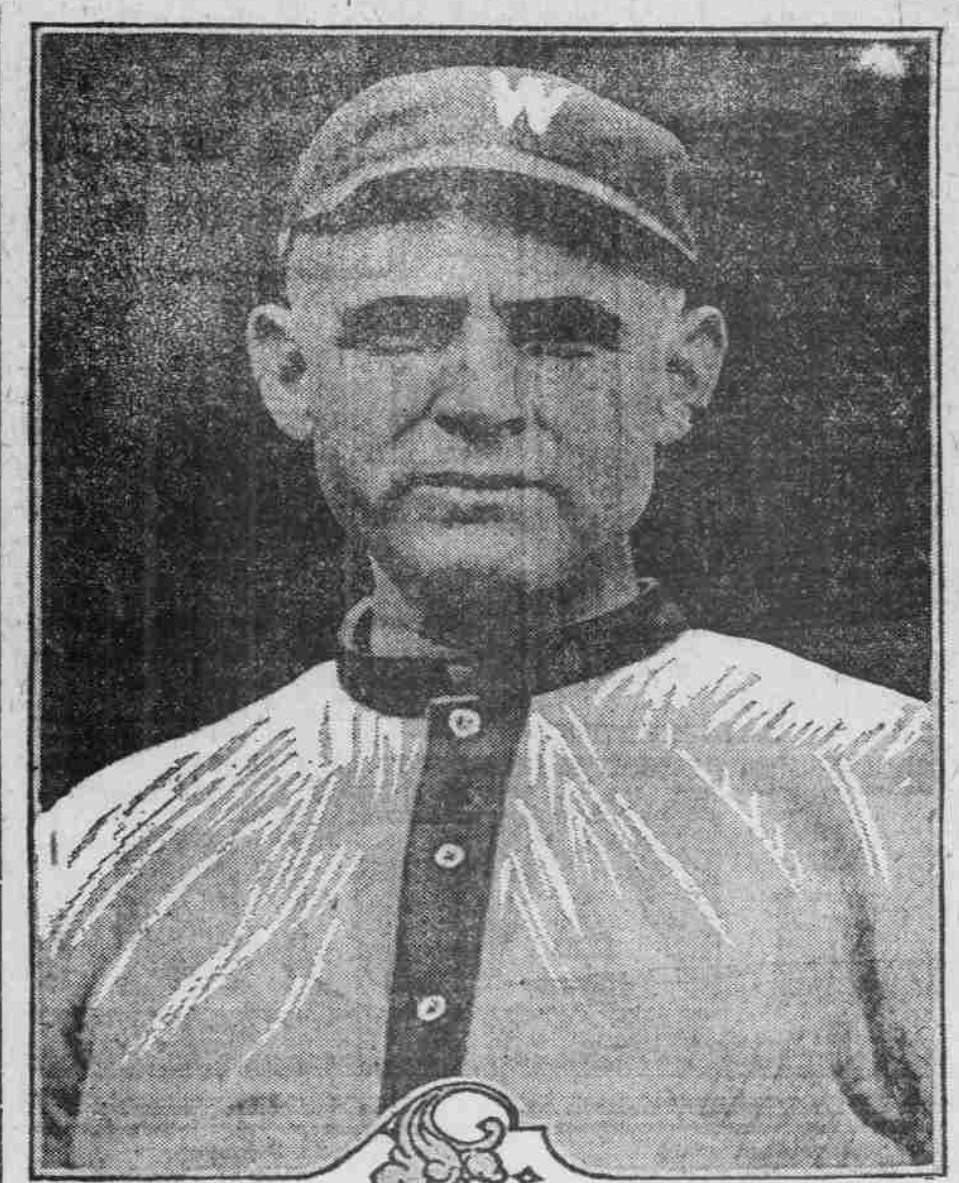


Photo by American Press Association.

EVER since the Washingtons were placed under Clark Griffith he has been knocking at the pennant door, but to no avail. Nevertheless, this year he feels certain his knock will be answered, and the way his team is handling the pill these days his expectations will about go through. Griffith believes the Senators are the strongest team in the Ban Johnson circuit. He says to watch the team, and you'll see them break the tape.

All Boxers Grouchy Before Bouts

THERE are no exceptions. They all get grouchy just before the fight. There is hardly a fighter you can mention who was as sweet as honey a few days before he was to cross bats with his rival.

Jim Corbett was the worst pest that ever lived the week before a big fight. He'd play ball to kill time, then fight with every one in the game, kick an umpire out every minute, and if a decision was a bit bad on balls or strikes he'd throw the bat over the house.

He had Yank Kenny training him, and on the day before he fought Jeffries in San Francisco he wrestled with Yank for the benefit of Nat Goodwin. Yank got a bit too rough, and Corbett, who was on edge, hit him and showed Yank up against the wall, punched him with both hands for fully a minute, then, after warning him about rough tactics, went back to work.

Jim Jeffries was as cross as a bear in the last days of training. He was so sore at things that he used to go away every morning at 6 o'clock and fish all day. He wouldn't see a soul. Jack Johnson was just the opposite. He pulled out the big bass viola and played from morning to night. Joe Gans killed time and got his mind off a fight by shooting craps.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the Dunellian Rock Cod, was as mean a man as ever stuck his feet under the mahogany when he was ready to fight. Bob would be like a schoolboy for

weeks in training, but in the last week he was a wolf for abuse. He got an idea that things were not cooked right, and cook after cook would be fired on the spot. Nervous, my boy, just nervous.

Terry McGovern and Jung Corbett both played theaters before their fights. For two or three days before a fight their evenings would be spent in the front rows of the best shows.

Freddie Welsh is another great show bug. Freddie will work like a horse for weeks, but the last two or three nights get his Angora and off Frederick goes to a musical comedy.

ORIOLES GREATEST BASEBALL TEAM

THE game of basketball can justly lay claim to the greatest athletic machine in the world, the Orioles of Buffalo, formerly the Buffalo Germans. Organized in the year 1887 four of the original five have just completed their twenty-first years. Starting out in the boys' class, thirteen years of age, they went through their first year without a defeat and repeated the trick the following two seasons. Having conquered all the teams of their class throughout western New York and Canada they sought bigger games. And that season, 1898, they suffered but two defeats out of fourteen games played.

Since their organization twenty years ago they have played 404 games of which they have been returned the victors 548 times.

MORE THAN SLUGGERS NEEDED TO WIN PENNANTS

To answer the cry of the baseball fan, "If our club had only a few more hitters and a couple of good pitchers we would fly the pennant." Let me say that in all winning teams there must be a little of the "fifty-fifty" ability in the way of having some base runners and hitters, says Ted Sullivan.

The greatest batting team that was ever put together in one team was the champion Detroiters of 1887, but that was all they could do. They slugged their way to the pennant in 1887, but the clubs who had a fifty-fifty ability to them won out in other years—namely, the Chicago of the mid-eighties and the New York Giants of the late eighties. The Baltimore of the nineties won the pennant three consecutive years in a twelve club league—an organization that was a merger of the American association and National league.

This matchless Baltimore team had pitchers of only moderate ability, while their combination of batting and base running, guided by a baseball genius, started the baseball world in this style of play.

No Place For Baseball Scouts

MIKE O'NEIL, manager of the Syracuse New York State league team, tells a good story about a baseball game played within the walls of the penitentiary at Auburn, N. Y. Patrick J. Dorsey of Syracuse, who is a friend of many baseball celebrities, took a team from Syracuse to Auburn last fall to play the prison team.

Among the inmates was a negro with strong lungs and a deep bass voice. His roosting and ready wit made an instantaneous hit with everybody. With men on the bases and two strikes and three balls on the convict batsman, Dorsey called the next pitch a strike, retiring the batsman and side. The negro rooster shouted: "Mister, mister! Mister Umpire!"

was suddenly quiet. Then the voice called again. It said:

"Water will seek its level. You are on the right side of the wall, and some of us are here for less than you have just done."

There was a field event and the rooster proved to be a real sprinter. Dorsey approached him and said:

"My boy, you are fast; you are a wonderful runner." To which the negro replied, "Yes, I know I am, but doesn't a fellow have to sleep?" Dorsey didn't get the point of the remark until later, when it was explained that the negro had been arrested while in bed. When Dorsey's players were leaving the prison the negro shouted: "Keep your scouts away from our baseball timber. It is nailed down."

Cutting the ball around a stytle is not the difficult business it is held to be. Of course when the opposing ball lies on the lip of the cup it is very hard to prevent knocking it in and at the same time get past it. The general rules for out puts are: For a pull hit the ball on the toe of the club, and for a slice hit it on the heel, at the same time drawing the club in sharply.

As for the choice of clubs for use on these out of the ordinary situations most good players carry at least two putters in their bags, and it would seem that a light headed club would permit of greater accuracy through the heightened sense of touch conveyed to